EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE BANJO IN 1884.

Five Years Ago.

meld in Better Esteem Than It Was

[New York Sun.] The dealer in musical instruments was strumming on a profusely orna-mented banjo. "We can give you a more strictly professional one," he remarked to his customer, "but this style has the call for parlor use. The difference is that the stage ban o is even more heavily ornamented than this one -has more side screws and jewelry; but

the tone is the same." "Why do the stage ban os sound louder?"

"Because professionals pound them with a thimble which they wear upon their right foreinger; that practice would not be a good one while playing

for a small party."

The customer decided on the parlor banjo, bought a bag for it and extra strings, and left \$22.50 with the dealer. "I'll carry it home myself," he said as

he took his departure. The dealer turned to the reporter: "Ten years ago," said he, "you wouldn't catch such a man carrying a banjo in the daytime, but to day this young fellow is proud to do it. The instrument is now in high favor, and to be able to rattle off 'Babylon is Falling' or the 'Rattle-Snake Jig', is just the thing. Several fellows have carried ban os abroad in the past three years, and Parisians take to them. Some of our young ladies of society are very fair players, and the picture of an American belle picking the banjo for a group of fashionable listeners is by no means a caricature. This small style of instrument, which countrymen always take for a boy's banjo, was gotten up expressly for ladies, though gentlemen very often use them. It is the fact of women playing banjos which has so largely increased their popularity. They are the fashion. A gentleman doesn't like to take his ban o to a party. but when a lady produces one he considers it a fine opportunity to show his strength concerning the 'Suwanee River' or 'Nicodemus John-son.' If ladies had no banjo in the house these chances would not occur. Another reason for the popularity of the instrument is that it makes fun; people get tire! of the stiff, technical, finished piano-playing which ladies have carried to such an extreme. It bores them to make the effort to show discriminative appreciation of classical music. Yes, sir; the banjo fever has been raging all through the winter, and

"It is considered quite a nice thing for a young man to make a small banjo sweetheart. He buys the materials and works them up to sait his fancy. In these cases the article is likely to cost him about \$30. The latest idea in getting up a presentation banjo for a girl is to buy one ready made and inlay it with colored woods. There was a good deal of this done last winter, and some of the results were very pretty. If you buy a \$5 banjo, properly con-structed, and pegs and tail-pieces of ivory, and do a little inlaying and carving, you will have an instrument worth

now that the serenading season is com-

mencing, we are having another spurt

in the business. There are many styles

and forms of banjos. I think there is

little real difference in them. The main

point is to have fine strings of good

quality, and a good parchment head,

stretched as tightly as it will bear. You

can make almost any properly-propor-tioned banjo take if the skin is tight

good banjo for \$7-as good as those sold

and hard.

We can give you a very

from \$20 to \$30. "The idea that the banjo is a prime favorite among our colored people is a popular error. The colored man will go around with a banjo for business purposes. He knows that people connect him with the instrument, and is willing to give way to their notion. But in his family the colored man plays something else. We sell them ten guitar strings to one banjo string. It is a curious consideration that the historic instrument of the troubadour should have almost ceased to be a society music-making machine, while the once lowly banjo is heard in the drawing-rooms."

Took an Inventory. Wall Street News.

In January last a good old-fashioned dealer in dry goods, groceries, hard-ware, and pretty much everything else, in the central portion of the state, decided to take an inventory for the first time in twenty-one years. About the time it was completed a commercial traveler for a house in this city happened along and asked him how he

"Well, it's kinder dubious," was the reply. "How?"

"Why, I fell short of my estimate of stock by about \$3,000." "And you don't know how to make

your figures come out even?" "I confess I don't."

"Well, all you have to do is to mark everything up 20 per cent."

"Gineral Jackson," gasped the old man; "but I kicked around in bed for three straight nights and never thought of that. That's the way, of course, and up goes the price of caliker and

Bismarck's Policy.

[Inter Ocean.] It has been said of Bismarck that no man's mind was ever more free from cant than his. The story is told that he won his first decoration by rescuing a drowning soldier. When the drowning man clung to his rescuer in such a way as to endanger the lives of both. Bismarck held the terrorstricken man's head under the water until he ceased to struggle, then carried him to shore and restored him. This was the Bismarckian method, and he occasionally tries to choke the German people into quietude now, that he may carry out his plans for making the "unity of the German nation like a The Baid-headed Man in Church,

[Liverpool Courier.] Old Mr. Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the services, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and, in his nervousness, he hit old Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what it meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he grew red in the face. "There was a spider on your head." "A white place on my head, hey? S'pose there is, what's that to you? You'll know what it is to be bald-headed yourself some day." "It was a spider," shricked Hoff, while the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, "and got more in it than yours. But let it alone -do you mind? You may let my head alone in church." "Mr. Collamore," shrieked Hoff, "there was a spider on your head, and I brushed him off-this way." and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling a hymn book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly-leaf of the hymn book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to

> Wilkes Booth's Ride. [Washington Critic.]

"What did Booth ride?" asked the reporter.

'Old Sorrel Charley, the best saddler ever seen in this country. I doubt if the world ever produced his equal. Of course he came from Kentucky. All great saddlers do."

"Did Booth buy him?" "No, he hired him."
"And what became of him?"

worship elsewhere.

"We never heard."

"Was the hire paid?" "In the sense that Booth had been a

good customer only. "What were Charley's points?" "All that a saddler ever boasted. He

wouldn't pull a pound, but a good rider could single-foot him down from Capitol hill to our stable with a full glass of water in each hand and never spill a drop, and at better than a four-minute he rose up and adjusted his cap, but gait, too. Booth knew him well, and could ride him like a picture. I doubt if he suffered even with his broken limb as much as has been said." "How far was the ride?

"Down to Dr. Mudd's that night, full twenty miles away. Sheridan's gallop from Winchester, I'll bet, was a fool to that ride. When I heard in the morning what horse the assassin rode, I said: 'They who pursue will follow, and only follow.'"

Cocoanuts as Food.

The Fiji Times, in speaking recently of the value of the cocoanut as food rations, states that a vessel left San Francisco with 400 passengers for Syd Francisco with 400 passengers for Syd ney, and, in consequence of running short of stores, put in at Samsa, where a large quantity of cocoanuts were obtained. The weather became so severe that the remainder of the passage consumed eighty days, so that men, women and children were reduced entirely to a eccount diet, and were obliged to be contented at last with one per diem for each adult. "Notwithstanding this diet," says the report, "not a life was lost, and not a single case of sickness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well-nourished condition."

Consumptive Birds.

[Exchange.] In a preliminary paper read before a recent meeting of the London Patho-logical society, Mr. Sutton and Dr. Heneage Gibbes described an investigation now being made by them into tuberculosis of birds. They find that the disease is very prevalent among birds, and that it sometimes becomes epidemie. The effects do not exactly correspond to those produced in man by consumption, but the parasite present in both cases seems to be the same. The disease virus appears to be introduced with the food, and the birds most liable to be affected are common fowl, peacock, grouse, and other grain eaters.

Mars' Moons. (Exchange.)

A remarkable feature of the two satellites of Mars, which were discovered about six years ago by Prof. Asaph Hall, is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, its distance from the centre of the latter body being about 6,000 miles; and from the surface less than 4,000. "If," said Prof. Newcomb, "there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us.

How Very Bold,

Exchang Miss Maria Pickaflaw (talking behind her fan to her sister)-The idea of Dolly Debut's wearing that heliotrope dress! Miss Jane Pickaflaw—Why, it strikes me as very becoming. Miss Maria (snappishly)—Becoming! Of course! Did anybody say it wasn't? But don't you know it takes a faultless complexon to wear that color, and for Dolly Debut to appear in that dress is as much as to say she considers her com-plexion perfect. Miss Jane—How very bold of her, to be sure!

When They Get Miffed. (Exchange.)

When a Boston girl gets miffed at her husband she says: "Base tyrant, I shall leave thee and fly to my father."

When a western girl becomes similarly affected she simply says: "Old man, caparate stems, the group being at least to the presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has endeavored make it an inflexible rule to presidency ne has en I'm going to get up and get, and if you five feet through, and one single stem not over 600 Americans in China todon't like it you just climb up on your is, by actual measurement, fourteen day, while there are not less than 150, eyebrows and see if you can stop me." inches thick.

A CORNER ON ICE.

Ringing the Various Changes or Pail of Cold Water. [Detroit Free Press.]

The first man to strike the corner where the porter had thrown a pail of water over the flag-stones and produced a glare of ice, was an insurance agent. He slid to the right, clawe I to the left, clutched at a sunbeam, and went down with the exclamation: "Hanged if I don't!" He rose up to jaw and threaten and collect a crowd and almost lick somebody, and he went awaystirred up for all day.

The next man was a tailor-tall, spare and solemn. His toes all of a sudden turned out, his left leg was lifted, and he spun once and a half around before he went down with the remark: "I knew 'twould happen!" He got up to hurry along out of sight, and it was easy to see that he had calculated on about so many falls for the winter.

The next was a fleshy man with a smiling face and an air of good nature. He didn't lose any time going down, and when he struck he realized that he had hit something. And yet what he said was: "Is it possible!" He got up slowly, forced a grin as the boys chaffed him, and looked back three times to make sure that he hadn't made a hole which would prove a man-trap for other pedestrians.

The next was a bank clerk with a pencil over his ear and a preoccupied mind. He was swinging his right hand and rushing ahead when he suddenly saw billions of stars shining in the morning sky. His first thought was that somebody was celebrating Fourth of July; his next was to scrabble up and search for an asylum where he could hunt up his collar button and splice his suspenders. Not a word escaped him until he was a block away. Then he remarked: "At six per cent. it would be \$854.17."

The next man was a strapping big fellow with an ulster on and a red silk handkerchief hanging out of a pocket. He began a short of shuffle as he struck the spot, increased it in a minute to a "breakdown," and finally went down with a whoop that was heard half a block away. He was up in a moment. Diagonally across the street he saw a man in an express wagon. The boys called to him that he had lost his red handkerchief, and that his nose would sadly miss it, but he would not wait. He strode across the street and up to the wagon, and as he hauled off and hit the driver a stinger on the ear he growled out:

"There, hang you! That's makes us

even!" "What even!" shouted the victim as the other was gone.

A Cheap John Utilizes the Machinery of a Court of Justice. [San Francisco Post.]

When the defendant took the stand his honor said:

"Prisoner, you are charged with having removed the gobiet from the hand of the Cogswell statue, substituting a pair of two-bit suspenders, with a placard calling attention to your establishment across the way."

"Well, shudge," replied the offender with an ingratiating smile, "of gorse I vants to get along in peesness.

"After which," continued the court, sternly, 'you substituted a lot of neckties for the suspenders, and attached to | illuminated missals, early examples of the other hand a lot of bills referring to your new stock of gum shoes and hair oil.'

"Dose hair oil is fust rate, your honor," said the defendant. "I vould like to sell you a pottle."

"And yesterday," continued the court, consulting the indictment, "you ob- buy?" structed the thoroughfares and created a disturbance by placing a paper collar and a plug hat on the statue in ques-

"Dose blug hat is cheap at \$4, shudge. Moses Levy sharges fife und a halef vor dem same kind," returned the trader cheerfully; "I beats dose fei-

lers efery dimes." "And at night," went on his honor, "at night it appears you placed in the figure's hand a transparency containing a further advertisement of your wares. Now, this is most improper and repre-

hensible." "Dot's right, shudge," said Mr. Solo-mons, delightedly. "Bitch into me off you blease. Spheak loudt, so dose noosbaper vellers gan hear you," and he smiled benignantly upon the report-

"Great heavens," thundered the court, as a frightful idea struck him. "Is it possible you have the mendacity to use the machinery of this court as an advertising dodge?"

"Dot's it, dot's it, shudge?" exclaimed the Cheap John, rubbing his hauds exultantly. "I swore oud der gomplaint myself.

Better Than Water. [Detroit Free Press.]

"Understand that you had a fire at your house yesterday," said a gentle-man to his friend Col. Snagwell. "Yes, house caught fire."

"Suppose the firemen did effective

work? "No, they didn't get there in time." "You threw water very promptly on the flames, eh?"

"No, didn't use any water." "How did you put it out?"

"Went out." "That's singular."
"Not at all. The other day I bought

a load of kindling wood from a countryman. I had it cut up and stacked in the kitchen. When I saw the fire burning in that direction I felt pretty safe, and I was not disappointed, for when it reached the kindling wood it went out."

The Largest Oleander. [Chicago Times,

Probably the largest cleander tree in the world is near Spanishtown, Fla. It covers a space of ground thirty-six feet in diameter; from the ground to the tip An Anti-Charity Society.

[Joaquin Miller's Letter,] I have been implored, and with savage pleasure I call attention to an Anti-Charity society in New York. Could any one believe that, as we stand upon the verge of days which have been de voted since the advent of Christ to universal charity, that there is a great society of that name, or rather that nature, in New York? Well there is a dourishing order of that kind here; and it has just held a big meeting and was presided over and addressed by big men, rich men, influential men, federal officeholders, professed Christians. One is an ex-cabinet minister. They appeal to the public to give no beggar a cent. Of course these are honest men. They mean well. But I make a solemn

protest against such teachings. The motive I do not question. Yet I cannot see how any reasonable man or woman can see any good to come out of this society's doings. And it is easy to see how much heartlessness, inhumanity, indeed, can and must naturally grow out of it if it is permitted to flourish. And I repeat that it seems impossible that at this day and age such an association could be thought of for an instant.

For God's sake, let those who have anything to give and the good heart to give it, be permitted to give unquestioned. I do not think the beggars will get any too much. If these rich and great men are sick of seeing beggars i the streets, let them be provided for as in Paris so that their unseemly corpses come not between the sweet air and their lordships' lifted noses. Of course this association disclaims being uncharitable. It simply says, do not give until you investigate, and thus get rid of beggars. And so few investigate and fewer give. Oh, my friend, some one richer, better than these rich, influential men here in New York, long since said that the poor shall be with us always. And I reckon that no society that ever was or ever will be could ever do away with that pitiful

Who are the beggars? You find as a rule that they are those who have been wounded in this battle of life. No, not in the body but in the brain. They are very helpless. Let them lean just a little on you as they limp on toward the grave, only a few paces ahead. Look at any beggar you meet. Will he live long? He or she will, nine cases out of ten, not live the year out. Measure his or her intellect with yours. Repulsive? Of course, very repulsive. But Christ never seemed to think them so. They mar the beauty of the city a bit. But all the beggars out of purgatory would not and could not put so much shame upon the city as does the existence of one anti-charity society.

The Book-Collection Craze. [New York Times.]

The craze of the book-collector pervades New York society more extensively than most people know. I am acquainted with many business men whose sole recreation is to collect rare books. There is Brayton Ives, for instance, who has a delightful museum of rarities. He runs to old and scarce books rather than to merely costly ones. He has many rare editions of old English works-Caxtons, Wynken de Wordes, and so on-to say nothing of copies of early colonial American imprints, some of them worth their weight in gold. Robert Hoe, Jr., on the other hand, collects beautiful and curious books in wonderful bindings, typographical art, and wonders in book plates. Charles T. Congdon, the wellknown journalist, is a bibliomaniae. An unsophisticated friend, examining one of Congdon's latest extravagances, an Elzevir, said: "I wonder how you ever get time to read so many books as you

"Read 'em!" cried the book-buyer, with disgust. "D'ye suppose I read them?"

"If not, what do you do with them?" "Collect them," replied Congdon, with an air of having settled the question beyond any cavil.

A Cache of an Old-Time Hunter. [Western Exchange.]

An old-time cache was recently dis-covered by Fred Halleck, in Umatilla county, Oregon, stowed away three feet under ground, near the head of Dutton canvon. He was hunting water at the time, but instead found bread, or what had been used as a substitute for bread. One specimen is a section of portable One specimen is a section of portable prairie dog sausage, about fifteen inches long. The other is a chunk of what might be called preserved pudding. It was apparently made from crushed crickets, camas and cowse, cooked into which was a sweet decoction of sugar, pine sap and grasshopper juice. Both delicacies look as though they would delicacies look as though they would retain their freshness and flavor in any climate. Old settlers say that years ago they have seen bands of Indians go through the country with many packponies loaded down with this kind of sausage. It was made up in strings a thousand feet long, and was coiled completely around a cayuse, thus acting as a self-fastening pack outfit.

Scribe's Struggle as a Dramatist.

[Longman's Magazine.] Scribe once said in my hearing that he began his career as a dramatist by seeing thirteen of his pieces fail one after another, and, on the first night of the fourteenth (doomed to a similar fate), felt so discouraged, that he said to his colaborateur: "I give it up; and, when we have got through the half dozen more that we have on hand, I will never write another line _uckily," he added, "the fifteenth essay was more successful, and I bought a fresh packet of pens on the strength of it." Since then this extraordinarily prolific writer must have enriched the French stage with at least 800 or 900 productions of more or less merit, while his son-inlaw, Bayard, following his example, has contributed no less than 230.

President Arthur is credited with the statement that since his accession to the presidency he has endeavored to make it an inflexible rule to preserve

The Current: There are probably

BEAUTY IN HOMESPUN.

What Southern Women Wore During the War... Curious Makeshifts Employed in Contriving Costumes. [Mary W. Early in Philadelphia Times.]

Several histories and numberless sketches have been written describing the military straits to which our men had a pretty good stock on hand at the opening of the war, and this, with the supply we had ourselves, enabled us to gel on without pressing inconvenience for the first year of the war. Then we resurrected from old chests and closets all the heirlooms we could find in the shape of ancient garments belonging to our mothers and our grandmothers, in which we looked very much like a set of grown-up "Kate Greenaway" figures. We began also to resort freely to the dyer, feeling the force of Goldsmith's line, slightly altered: "The only refuge is to dye." Fortunately there was a woolen factory in Richmond during the war (the Crenshaw mills) that turned out very soft, good woolen cloth. There was also one, I believe, at Scottsville, a little town seventy miles from Richmond, on the James river and Kanawha canal, and one at Bousack's, in southeastern Virginia. These two latter factories, though they by no means furnished dainty fabrics, were still of great assistance in clothing the people of Virginia. There were several cotton cloth factories in operation in North Carolina during the war, and from these we drew a large part of the cotton cloth used in Virginia then. In the country we had to resort to the

loom, which on all old Virginia plantations was used for supplying the negroes partially, if not entirely with clothing. Elderly negro women were set apart to spin and weave for the others. They carried on their work generally in a cellar, their wild, sweet, mournful hymns mingling with the sound of the shuttle or the monotonous hum of the wheel. It was not music of so high an order as Schubert's or Gounod's "Spinning-wheel Song," but it had a distinctive character and charm of its own, and was filled with a weird and plaintive sweetness, the like of which I have never heard except in the singing of tobacco factory hands. During the war homespun dresses were a good deal used by the Virginia country ladies for every-day wear, and I have seen some of these dresss that looked really pretty and jaunty on fresh young girls. The dyes (as well as the cloth were a home production. Ivy leaves, set with alum, made a pretty gray sumac leaves and chinquapin bark made black; maple bark made a bright purple, and beech bark made a green dye. Speaking of homespun reminds me of a homespun ball given by one of the Richmond belles, not during the war, as some might reasonably suppose, but a year or two before, and said to be one of the most charming and successful entertainments ever given in Richmond. On this occasion all the young ladies appeared in costumes of homespun, made up in a hundred pretty, fanciful

and picturesque styles. The men of the Confederacy, those in the army, at least, fared much better with respect to clothes than the women did, the government providing them with uniforms imported from abroad through the blockade. Occasionally too, a women would get a prize in the shape of a trunk or a box of new clothes smuggled through the blockade, in which case her toilet would be the envy and admiration of all her feminine friends. Persons who had friends or relatives in Baltimore, Philadelphia or other northern cities would sometimes be favored with a box of "store clothes." I remember such a box being sent from Philadelphia to acquaintances of mine in Richmond, who became, in consequence, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." A plaid ribbon in this box was lent by turns to various friends, who looked on it as a rare and dainty ornament, something almost equal to the ribbon of the order of the garter. The writer wore it to an elegant entertainment in Richmond the last winter of the war.

OVER-WORKED BUSINESS MEN.

of lives every year, and to give to thousands more the ability to work without the weariness, exhaustion, and peril which now attend them. A pamphlet contain-ing full particulars in regard to the na-ture and action of this remarkable Treatment will be mailed free. Write for it.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Fran-cisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

It's a queer coincidence—but nearly all defaulters are "fly" fellows.

The second largest source of revenue to the U. S. Government from any one branch of business, is derived from the production and manufacture of tobacco. Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., of Dur-Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., of Durham, N. C., claims to be the largest manufacturer of Smoking Tobacco in the world. The reputation of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is too firmly established to need any commendation at our hands. In another column our readers will notice their new announcement which is of interest to all lovers of the weed. The company are perfectly responsible, and when they announce that they will give away \$11,650 in cash, it is an assured fact that they mean just what they say. Smokers will find an opportunity of combining business with pleasure by reading their announcement-

CATARRH—A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and trea-tise free on receipt of stamp, A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

THE DOCTOR'S ENDORSEMENT.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional endorsement, prescribed DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed were brought during the late war, but Consumption-cold night sweats, heetle fever. I do not know of any chronicler who has harrassing coughs, etc. He commenced imme depicted the straits for clothes to which diately to get better and was soon restored to the women and girls of the southern his usual health. I found DR. WM. HALL'S Confederacy were reduced during the BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS the most valuablockade. Our dry goods merchants ble expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds."

"ROUGH ON COUGHS," 15c, 25c, 50c, at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hearse-ness. Sore Throat.

Offensive Breath, Bad taste in Mouth Coated Tongue, show torpid liver and dis-ordered stomach. Allen's Bilious Physic, vegetable remedy, quickly relieves all. 25 cents. At all Druggists. Redington, Woodard & Co., Portland, Oregon.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. \$1

"ROUGH ON CORNS." löc. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts,

We take pleasure in referring the public of the merits of Papillon Catarrh Cure. It will cure Chronic Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Rose-cold, and for Hay Fever no remedy is as effective. It has cured hundreds of cases dreds of cases.

TREATMENT FOR SUNBURN. - Camelline for the complexion will afford relief in all

Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron is the best Nerve Tonic ever discovered.

No remedy equals Papillon Skin Cure for Eczema or Scrofula, curing the m obstinate cases.



FOR PAIN Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Nealds, Frost Biles, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACRES.





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VARICOCELE WORMY VEINS of the Servicing to the the management of the LOST MANHOOD, DEBILITY A ... THE THE STATE AND STATE OF THE SERVICE AND COMPRESSOR SO AND \$15.

DR.SANFORD'S

DINKING FIFT May be wholly prevented by the use of a perfectly harmless manufacturing Co. Westen. Vt. It also toughens tender feet, and will relieve distress occasioned by expoure and wearing tight boots. Inclose \$1 for a package and full particulars. Address D. C. MARBLE. Sole Agent, Portland, Oregon.

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